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EDITORIAL

Volume 37 Issue 07

Petrol, gas, electricity, mortgages, food – yep, everyone's having to tighten their belts at the moment as prices spiral! But is there no relief? Of course there is – and you've got it right in your hand. That's right, while all the world's doom and gloom, at least there are some things you can always rely on, and top amongst those has to be Club International. Come rain or shine, credit crunch or 3-day week, we've been busy for the last 37 years bringing you the hottest girls on the planet, and, if I may say so myself, we've only gone and done it again this month! The aptly named Summer brightened up the office when she popped in for her pre-shoot 'interview' and we certainly hope to be getting her back again soon. Meanwhile, Club favourite Jo is back sporting a new hair colour and a trophy – and looking just as stunning as ever! All, of a sudden, I'm starting to feel a little personal inflation of my own… – The Ed. ♣

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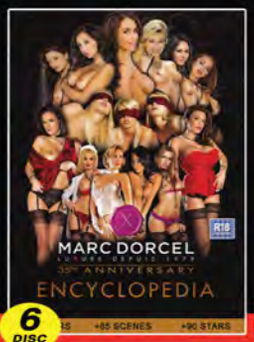

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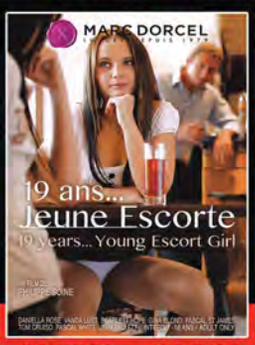

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HORN IN A BARN!

Driving out into the countryside one weekend recently, as you do when it's hot and you are a randy couple of sex pervs like me and Hazel, we found a great, secluded hay barn that looked like the ideal place to stop for 'a bite to eat'!

Hazel's got this thing about being naked outside, and once she's got her clothes off I can think of nothing else other than how much I'd like to lick her sweet pussy out.

Pulling off the road and parking up next to the field's gate, we clambered over the bars and skipped up to the barn. Hazel, as ever, was wearing little more than a piece of string over her privates with some flaps of cloth to accessorize, so I'd been close to full erection all the way down there. Now, with no one around to see us, my hands were rampant!

"You have a great arse, one I cannot resist parting and shining with my tongue..."

By the time we'd actually made it from the gate to the barn I had already helped Hazel out of her top and had given her nipples enough of a tweak for them to be foraging around in front of us!

I followed her into a corner eyeing her sweet, tight arse as she dropped her tiny skirt to the floor and rolled down her G-string panties over her feet. Now she was left in a pair of strappy high heels and sod all else and I was left with a serious ache inside my pants.

But things changed pretty quickly once I'd yanked open my trousers and freed the beast.

Pushing me back onto a hay bale, Hazel began smoking my horn, her legs spread wide open as she bent from the waist – the thrill of being caught opening sucking me off with her wet cunt waiting for anyone who might happen to pass by made her even more wet between the legs and her cock sucking had me gagging for it in no time.

But first I had to taste that sweet pussy of hers to see if she tasted any different inside a barn *(Yes, they often do – Agricultural Storyline Ed.).* She stood up and found a supporting strut to lean against as I buried my tongue and fingers inside her juicy hole, licking every part of her folds as I sampled her fleshy folds.

It wasn't long before she was just as horny as me and she pulled me up by the chin, reaching for my cock and telling me to fuck her good and hard right away!

I led her back to the hay bales and bent her over the first one I could find before sliding my cock inside her sopping hole and giving her arse a little slap for extra thrills. Hazel instantly began to moan and groan, talking us through

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

STAR PHWOARS

The shots of Michaela in the last issue remind me of a fancy dress party I was going to with my bird – she was going as Princess Leia and I was going as Han Solo in their Episode Four get up.

Except we didn't get further than the hall because I couldn't take watching her tight buns rolling around inside the flimsy white of her costume and I just had to take her back upstairs and show her my light sabre skills!

Nat, Kidderminster

BLONDE ON BLONDES

Is this Heaven on Earth?

PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

Of all the things in this life we'd like to experience, getting noshed off by two hard-body blondes has got to be up there in the top three.

And then along come three stunning blonde beauties with a love of eating pussy and slurping on boners to make you re-evaluate your top ten sexy things to do list to accommodate the fantasy that is two girls sucking you off while a third one sits on your face and pull on your balls.

"So are you going to get naked with us?" asked Cayenne, fingering Candy.

"Yeah, come on, get your cocks out and come over here, we wanna suck on your schlongs!" shouted Boroka.

Fantasy? Ha! ♣

BOROKA, CANDY & CAYENNE

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TOP TEN...

POTENTIALLY DISASTROUS SEX ROLE PLAY SCENARIOS TO AVOID

1) She is a dominatrix with a pair of garden shears. You are a shackled slave-boy begging Mistress not to amputate your "pathetic" (your description) cock. This goes way beyond playing with fire. Don't!

2) You are a blond, portly fellow with modest man breasts, enjoying a shower. The missus is Norman Bates's 'Mother'...

3) You are a glamorous young lezzer whom men find irresistible, and she is a gorgeous older more mature lezzer.

4) You are dressed as Aladdin and the missus is done up as a pantomime cow. It doesn't matter which half of the cow she's wearing, you WILL NOT get wood.

5) She's Posh, you're Becks. Dangerous? Not especially, you'll just lose your wood for good once you think of the name 'Skeletor'.

6) She's the inattentive driver of a speeding locomotive, and you're a lowly railway worker with Attention Deficit Disorder fixing a section of track with your back turned to the oncoming train and your iPod blasting Eminem into your skull. Fine, except don't try this one outdoors on location...

7) She's Billie Piper when she was still playing Doctor Who's companion. You're a Dalek with its single telescopic eye misted over. A species of clumsy pseudo-randy kids may well ensue, but it's less likely to culminate in copulation than in her yanking off your 'ray gun' as you roll, screaming, down the stairs in a dustbin.

8) You're a contestant on a dating show and she pretends to be all three contestants, each with different personalities and sexual preferences. You'll almost always chose the wrong bird...

9) You are a prisoner in a maximum security prison in receipt of a conjugal visit from your wife or girlfriend. Years spent honing your social skills in gen pop (at least in your mind) means that you can only fuck women in the arse, while calling them your dog's bitch and throwing gang signs up in her face every time she says it hurts. Divorce never happened so fast.

10) You're the last man on Earth and she's the last woman, so you kind of have to. Bad idea. Everyone's feelings get hurt and you may as well simply put brown paper bags over each other's heads and be done with it.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

our fuck, loudly demanding I fuck her harder and harder and telling me where she wanted me to come. I tried hard not to listen to her – her talk is way too sexy!

In the end, when she started telling me to come in her hands so she could rub it all into her tits, I was unable to ignore her and I pulled out with just enough time for Hazel to turn round and grab my cock, wanking me into the palm of her left hand and smearing all my spunk over her glorious tits.

To finish, I took her outside in the bright sunshine and lay her down in the grass, eating out her juicy cunt for another half an hour until she couldn't bare any more clit lapping orgasms! Luckily for her I only need ten minutes to get back to full size and we were quickly fucking again, this time in the field overlooking the road.

There was one fantastic moment when I was drilling away at her from behind, both of us standing, when a tractor drove slowly by – all they could see was me, but they must have wondered what the fuck a topless man was doing in that field on his own. It must have looked like I was wanking over some corn!

Chris, Chatham

WHAT A BELTER!

Birds in belts have been getting me hard for ages now – I think I must have invented a new fetish I get so horny about them!

So thanks for the pics of Tina in last month's edition of *Club*, she's dead sexy anyway, but that shiny little belt she's got on made that set even more sextacular!

While I'm here, I might as well ask, anybody got any pics of naked babes wearing belts or perhaps rubbing their cunts with their belts and getting them all covered in pussy juices?

Or, failing that, anybody got a girlfriend who would like to be fucked ragged while she's wearing her favourite belt?

Jason, Glos

You're not wrong about your fetish there, are you mate!? Anybody else out there as weird as this guy?

GIRLFRIEND IN A DILEMMA

I've got a bit of a quandary on my hands, and I was wondering if anyone at Club would be

CLEANING UP OUR STREETS!

After thumbing through Jenny's pages from *Club 37/6* I had a brainstorm – why not replace community support officers and council wardens with randy babes like Jenny?

I'm pretty sure you'd see an end to mindless violence because let's face it, how many of us want to do anything once we've emptied our sacks? A foolproof idea, I think you'll agree.

D. Umbarse, Thickhead-on-the-Rise

able to offer any advice. Basically, my current girlfriend Rachel and I like to look at Club together when we get it – she likes the letters more than the pictures, really, but isn't averse to checking our your stunning girls at the same time. Anyway, these sessions of reading your mag always get her ultra-horny, and it's never long before she's slurping on my cock or begging me to screw her harder and faster (she's never really been one for the softly-softly approach!).

Anyway, the problem is this; last time we were in the middle of a Club-inspired screw she said something about how she bet I'd love to see her in your reader's girlfriend section.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

IN THIS MONTH...

68 YEARS AGO:

1940. Drummer extraordinaire Ringo Starr is born plain Richard Starkey in Liverpool, and, 22 years later goes on to be the oldest member of The Beatles, not to mention "last to join", and, excepting only the late George Harrison, the least boastful, smarmy and generally self-regarding. Plus, he was the only Beatle already known by the public or known for his proficiency on any instrument. John Lennon mined several of Ringo's "common original expressions", such as A Hard Day's Night and Tomorrow Never Knows, and turned them into Beatles' songs. Ringo was also often involved in contributing lyrics to unfinished Lennon and McCartney ditties, such as the line "darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there" in Eleanor Rigby. But in 1940 nobody cared about Eleanor's dating difficulties or where all the lonely people come from. Heavens, no. And kicking off poor Ringo's life on an utterly miserable note, less than 72 hours after the tiny, helpless Liverpuddlian's first-ever nappy change, French collaborators obliged the Nazis by setting up Vichy France and making perfectly sure that poor old Blighty stood alone against the Bosch. A bit like today, as regards adopting the Euro, only we didn't have Denmark pulling faces too, just to keep us company. Even the Danes were crushed beneath the Nazi jackboot.

131 YEARS AGO:

1867. Emperor Maximilian the First (and last) of Mexico expires, almost certainly as a direct result of the volley of bullets he'd just taken from the firing squad standing a few yards in front of him at the time.

Now Maximilian isn't the sort of name you'd expect of a Mexican, and in fact Max was no such thing – oh no, he was the son of Emperor Franz Karl, the Archduke of Austria (and, incidentally, the brother of Franz Josef, whose death did so much to get WWI off the ground). Whilst a life of dancing waltzes and eating creamy whirls would probably have been enough for most young toffs of the age, Max had a thirst for adventure that took him to South America and eventually to accept the offer of the Mexican throne. And how did the Mexicans take to this stangely-bearded interloper? If you're still in any doubt, I refer you back to the above paragraph.

132 YEARS AGO:

1876. The real Seth Bullock arrives in the fledgling gold mining camp of Deadwood with his business partner Sol Starr

Maximilian I: Have beard, will rule!

(no relative of Ringo). Oh yes, and there he meets Al Swearengen: Al's real too. And right across the street from The Gem is, as seen on TV, the Bella Union (although at this point it is referred to in the newspapers of the day as a theatre).

Marshal Bullock, as he later became, went on to become the supreme lawman for South Dakota, a member of fellow cultured cowpoke Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and a close personal chum and advisor of Teddy's through the period of the latter's illustrious presidency. Bullock hung up his boots in 1919, having arrived in Deadwood from Montana, aged 29, four days after – not before –- Wild Bill Hickok was shot in the back by Jack McCall… or, looked at televisually, by the actor who came back in Season Two with a beard as a serial killing geologist named Wolcott (who also existed in reality, though his name was Kellogg. Hence, presumably, the expression "flaky", "flake" etc).

As for Al Swearengen, according to Ian McShane, speaking on US television on 24th March this year: "The real Al made between five and ten thousand dollars a day in Deadwood and died twenty years later in a Colorado freight yard."

And there, I bet you thought that those three seasons of Deadwood was only something someone at HBO with Tourette's (or who just liked to hear actors shout "cunt") had dreamed up to scare the shite out of slumbering late-night TV audiences.

So Ringo, how old would you have been when we won at El Alamein?

AIN'T SHIA BABE?!

She wants to try your funny bone(r)

PHOTOS: AUTOMODELZ

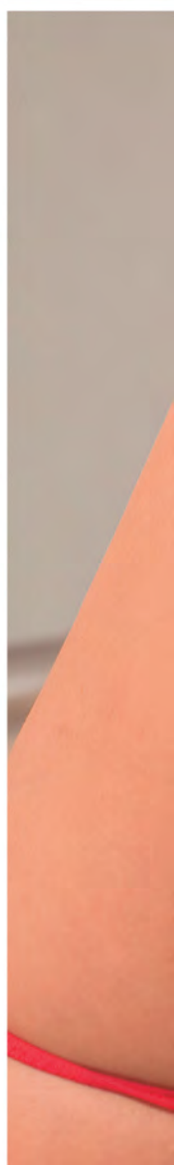
You can tell when Shia's really digging you in the sack: "When the sex is really good – and I mean *really* good – I get an attack of the giggles when I come that lasts until it's all over," she confessed. "It's terrible when it happens the first time with a guy because obviously I'm really into it but he doesn't know that, he thinks I'm laughing at him! What can I do, tell him if I start laughing during sex it means I'm really getting off on it and if I don't laugh it means he's crap?"

Well, in a word, yes!

"You guys are so mean, how would you like it if I laughed at you while you were screwing?" We'd love it – if it was you we were in bed with! ♣

There's more laughs with Shia at:

www.paulraymond.com/club



For all the Shia shots we couldn't print, go to:

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Nowt As Queer As Fuck!

MAD AS A PAINTBRUSH

If it's performance art that trips your trigger the fella to go see is (notoriously mental) graduate art student Matthew Keeney. Keeney's latest piece of performance art, entitled "The Waiting Project," saw him standing on a street in Syracuse in upstate New York... waiting for someone to ask him what "The Waiting Project" is. Clever, eh? And bloody riveting for us art lovers too. In previous pieces, which would almost certainly have delighted Melvyn Bragg and Donald Sinden et al, Keeney held a "Super Bowl party for one" on a park bench, hid behind a tree (see our informative picture illustrating this particular work of genius), watched several ice sculptures melt without allowing himself to blink, and walked from the Capitol steps in Washington, D.C. to the Lincoln Memorial, halting when he heard a car horn and starting again when he heard another one.

CHINESE FEAR BIG ARSES MAY DISHONOUR NATION

Eager to show the world what a nice superpower it is, China has been continuing to tinker with various aspects of Beijing in the hopes of filling foreigners with awe (instead of prompting them to laugh or fly into a rage). Preparing for the Olympics, the Beijing Tourism Bureau recently ordered hotels to re-translate English signs, attempting to avoid such past blunders as "Racist Park," which has now been properly named "The Park of Ethnic Minorities." A cafe which endeavoured to solicit Western custom with the slogan "Welcome, big nose friends" has also had it's name changed, though to what one can only guess.

Most peculiar of all, however, are the Beijing Olympics Committee's attempts to train hostesses to line up military-style and hold unnaturally rigorous poses by forcing them to hold sheets of foolscap between their knees and even putting chopsticks sideways in their mouths in order to elicit the "correct official smile", i.e. showing "six to eight teeth". Hostesses were also vetted according to their an upper-to-lower-body ratio (no more than 11-to-13 being acceptable) in order to hide from foreign eyes, Beijing newspapers reported, Chinese women sporting "big bottoms."

A BOY NICKNAMED SUE

American felon Jonathan Lee Riches, who is serving a very long sentence for fraud, currently holds the record for most law suits filed by an incarcerated personage. His portfolio includes more than 1,000 claims totaling several trillion dollars for alleged "injuries" inflicted on him by such people as President Bush, Britney Spears, Martha Stewart, Steve Jobs, Tiger Woods and football player Michael Vick. Jonathan says he is entitled to $63 billion from Vick alone because Vick stole his (Jonathan's) pit bulls and sold them on eBay so that he (Vick) could afford to buy missiles from Iran.

GDANSK MACABRE

A Polish building contractor who was recently was apprehended by a London security guard simulating sex with a canister-style vacuum cleaner claimed that he was merely vacuuming his underpants. Apparently, or so he said, and who knows but it may even be true, this is a "common practice" in the shipyards of Gdansk or wherever.

Meantime, in another part of Europe, a 36-year-old Swedish man faced several charges after allegedly wanking off on a woman's bicycle seat. The as-yet-unidentified man told arresting officers that he also felt "an overwhelming calm" when he smelled the handlebars of a woman's bike. But thankfully, though he leaned forward to take a sniff, they didn't let him.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Just the thought of her getting her juicy tits and snatch out in your mag had me spunking in no time, and later on I asked her whether she'd been serious or not. Rachel suddenly went all coy on me, and said she hadn't really meant it – she'd just been carried away in the heat of the moment. Fair enough, I thought, but the only problem is that now I can't stop thinking about how great she'd look in your mag – and how horny it would be for me to actually screw a girl who'd been in Club!

I've tried raising the subject a couple of times, and I think that in principle Rach is actually starting to warm to the idea, but she still insists she'd be too shy to get her kit off in front of a bunch of you guys and play with herself. If any of you guys or any of your readers have got any ideas, it'd be much appreciated!

Sean, Tonbridge.

Hmm, well first thing's first – she wouldn't have to worry about a whole bunch of us ogling her during the shoot. Reader's girlfriend's get very special treatment, and only have one of our very experienced photographers around when they conduct the shoot. Apart from that, why don't you get her really horny again before you ask her next time – it sounds like that might do the trick! – Ed.

NO COUNTRY FOR GA-GA FOR YOGA

Me and my boyfriend are always doing naked yoga, it's a great way to clear your mind and relax your body ready for a good long shagging session! But Jane (*Club 37/7*) is wrong about there being no yogic sex positions – naked yoga in couples helps you to find them very quickly!

Lindsey, Nottingham

So send us the pictures to prove your point – c'man!

HOW DO YOU EAT YOURS?

Great set of those two babes Caroline and Morgan tasting each other's cunts. Personally I prefer to eat mine freshly shaved and spread wide open facing up – that way you get the total experience!

Frank, Arundel

COLD REVIEWS

There is no question about it – *No Country For Old Men* has to be a five star film in anyone's book, so why on earth did whoever writes your reviews column only give it four stars last month? I've watched it three times now, and can't find a single thing wrong with the film, and the fact that it picked up four Oscars rather suggests that the Academy (WHO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT FILMS) agrees with me! A lot of my mates reckon it's probably the best film to come out in the last 10 years, so what's going on – how come your reviewer only reckons it's worth four – the same number as that pointless 'comedy' *Absolutely*?!

Ian, Gravesend.

Our reviewer writes: "Yes, fair enough – it was about as close to a five star film as could be, so maybe I was just feeling a bit mean or hung-over the day I wrote it. Better than ***Absolutely***? You could have a point there, too. Still, watching it three times - that's a bit sad, isn't it?" ♣

SUMMER LOVING!

'Tis the season to be horny!

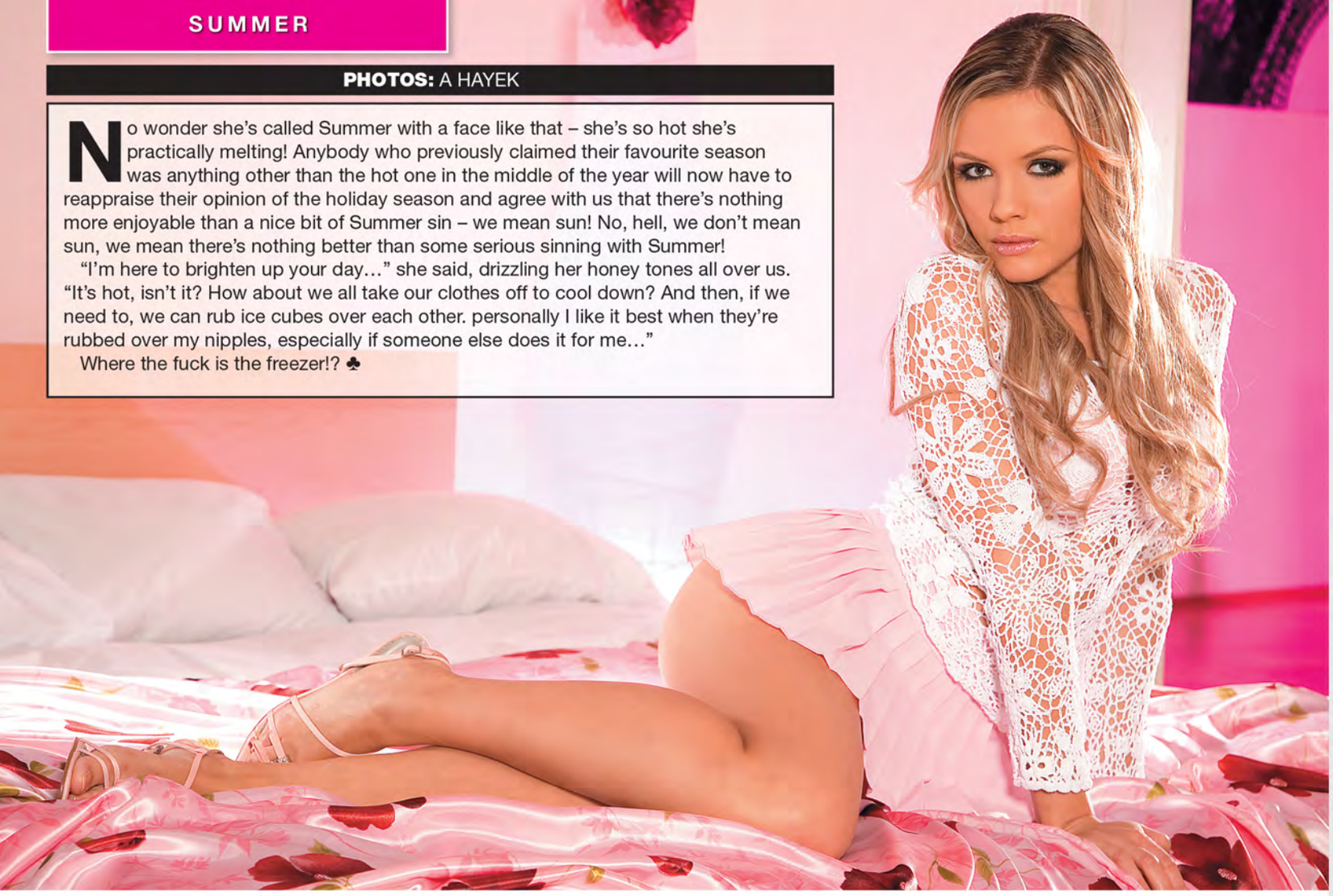
SUMMER

PHOTOS: A HAYEK

No wonder she's called Summer with a face like that – she's so hot she's practically melting! Anybody who previously claimed their favourite season was anything other than the hot one in the middle of the year will now have to reappraise their opinion of the holiday season and agree with us that there's nothing more enjoyable than a nice bit of Summer sin – we mean sun! No, hell, we don't mean sun, we mean there's nothing better than some serious sinning with Summer!

"I'm here to brighten up your day…" she said, drizzling her honey tones all over us. "It's hot, isn't it? How about we all take our clothes off to cool down? And then, if we need to, we can rub ice cubes over each other. personally I like it best when they're rubbed over my nipples, especially if someone else does it for me…"

Where the fuck is the freezer!? ♣



SUMMER

For all Summer's red hot extras, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com

It's heating up in here!

www.paulraymond.com/club

club's kit bag

This Month: HEALTH TECH

Looking to get in shape for the beach this summer? Well, you've left it a bit fucking late, haven't you? Lucky we've got some techno answers for you, fatty....

Your bird's got bingo-wings because she's too busy tidying up after your slobbish self and washing all the man muck out of her knickers to go to the gym. So what's your excuse, chunk bus? Are we a little scared of going out because of the bigger boys...?

SelectTech Dumbbells

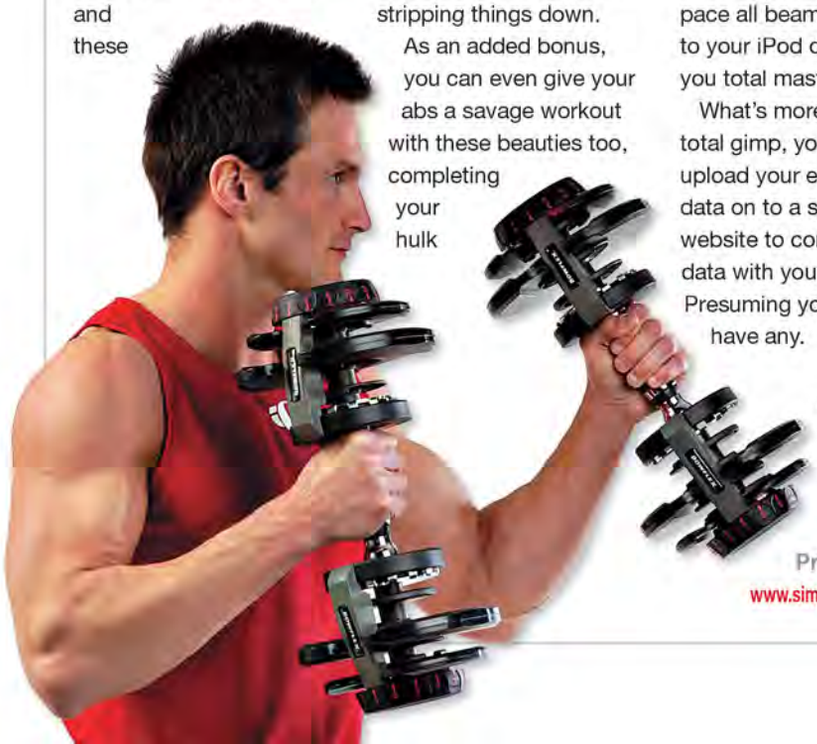
Price: £400

www.gymworld.co.uk

See that price? See, you've already lost pounds! Ah, ha, ha, ha! Hey, fuck you, fatty, this is quality material here. Anyway, you may as well face the flabby facts: quality gym kit that isn't going to leave you fucked costs serious MPC. And kit this clever is worth every damn penny.

Let's face it, we all want to have arms like a Titan and these seriously smart dumbbells (see what I did there?) will help you achieve them with a minimum of fuss and the minimum of clutter. You see, unlike conventional dumbbells that have to be manually adjusted by unscrewing and adding or removing weights (yawn!), the *SelectTechs* allow you to pump from 10lbs to 90lbs by use of a cunning rack system. So, when you've muscled your way through the lower end of the 'iron-man' regime, simply pop the dumbbells on the rack, select the new poundage and pick 'em up again, all without any of that farting around with stripping things down.

As an added bonus, you can even give your abs a savage workout with these beauties too, completing your hulk makeover. Scream it with me: "BEEFCAKE!"



Nike + iPod

Price: Nike package: £20; iPod Nano: £129

www.apple.com/uk

Unless fleeing the scene of a crime, giving it toes from an angry bear, or being chased by red neck rapists through the woods of Shit Kick USA, running is more boring than a documentary on drilling. However, thanks to trainer/sweat-shop innovators Nike and the ubiquitous iPod, now every run you take in your bollock-hugging shorts can not only be accompanied by all your favourite tracks (Eye Of The Tiger, Danger Zone, The Little White Bull, etc), but thanks to a Bluetooth dongle on your iPod and a special device fitted in your shoe, you can have all the details of your run, including distance covered, calories burned, time taken and pace all beamed wirelessly to your iPod display, giving you total mastery!

What's more, if you're a total gimp, you can even upload your exercise data on to a special Nike website to compare data with your pals... Presuming you lardies have any.

Dunlop Sport One-Key Heart Rate Monitor

Price: £50

www.simplyrun.co.uk

Cheap, cheerful (well, that big red button's cheerful) and an a vital weapon in the arsenal of the serious keep fit fanatic, strap the watch on your wrist and the wireless transmitter belt to your ample girth and hit the stair-master... or whatever it is chunky puss-buckets use to try and shed the hideous flab from their colossal buttocks. Giving you a real time average heart rate, maximum heart rate and, yes, an audible alarm for when you hit those target zones or go into full coronary, as the name suggests, the whole thing is operable via one key and there's even data recall for admiring your animal stamina later.

Great for those sad weebles desperate to get in shape or for chip-scoffers who want an advanced warning of massive oncoming heart attacks during deep-fried meals. For fifty squid, you can't go wrong.

Power Plate my5

Price: £3500

www.powerplate.com

Meanwhile, back in the realms of the ridiculously expensive, it's true what they say – you get what you pay for. And in this shining case, what you get is a machine that gives you twice the workout for half the effort. Yep, sounds worth it already, doesn't it?

Used by celebs everywhere (other than the fat ones, obviously), the *Power Plate* uses a special vibration system that works more of your muscles harder as you indulge in a light exercise routine, such as press ups or step ups... or you could just stand there and vibrate, if that's what you're up for. So, ten minutes workout, two or three times a week and – piff paff poof – with the *Power Plate* you've actually done a gruelling sixty minutes without knowing it. The only way the pounds would fall off more effectively is via butchery, leprosy or severe diarrhoea. ♣

Next Issue: ELECTRIC CONDOMS

CRANK IT UP!

Victoria's got a secret she wants to share...

PHOTOS: PHOTORAMA

Secrets, sometimes they're meant to be kept and sometimes they need to be shared!

Take Victoria's secret, surely the world is a better place for knowing this!

"I get really cranky if I don't have sex each and every day…" she admitted. "What's worse is that if I don't get fucked or fingered or get eaten out as soon as I wake up then I spend the rest of the day in a foul temper and I don't get anything done because my whole time is taken up plotting who I'm going to fuck, where and when. It's okay when my boyfriend stays over because in the mornings he's rock hard and ready to go before I'm even awake, but when he's not there I usually start my day with a little dildo action. So it's not all bad because most days I do get to climax before I get out of bed. The bad days are the days when I just simply don't have time to play with my pussy and I just have to get up and get on with it. It's wise to just avoid me on days like that, unless you've got a nice hard cock to give me – and if you do, then let me have it, the bigger, the better!"

The world's a better place for that! ♣

Every morning's glorious at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

Wake up to Victoria every day at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

aero dyn

Latest in Club's look at "Cars you're never going to own" comes something that looks like it belongs more in a matchbox than on the road...

You really feel for kids growing up these days. It's no surprise they're out mugging old ladies, drinking themselves blind on street corners or getting up the duff at the age of 11, because there's fuck all for them to watch on TV.

What they need is a return to real aspirational programmes – like *Record Breakers*! Back in the day, young oiks up and down the country would be glued to perv at some girls' amateur gymnastics group from Hitchin as they attempted to cartwheel into the Guinness Book. So imagine how hooded hoodlums would react now. They'd happily take time out from stealing beaten up old Escorts if they could see something like the *Shelby SuperCars Ultimate Aero TT* setting a new world's fastest speed for a production model, at 257mph.

Most American cars fail to cut the mustard in Europe, but given the styling and the performance, it's going to be hard to ignore this baby. The *Aero TT* takes on the look of a British classic like the Jag XJ220 or Noble M12, and sits incredibly low to the ground – so close that speed bumps would cause it problems if you weren't able to lift the nose at the touch of a button. The front spoiler is enormous, and runs up into a smooth-rising bonnet, either side of which are the sharp bulges of the wheelarches. These seem to struggle to contain the enormous HRE Monoblock rims, which measure 19 inches at the front and 20 at the rear. Big, red, eight-piston calipers and massive 14-inch vented brake discs hint at immense stopping power.

The windscreen is smoothly raked upwards, and tapers into a gently sloping roofline which incorporates the engine cover. Huge doors add to the sense of drama; not only do they feature enormous air vents, they also open gullwing style. Yet they're far from heavy – as with the rest of the bodyshell, they're crafted from lightweight carbon fibre composite. Add in the advanced steel spaceframe structure under the skin, and the *Aero* tips the scales at 1,247kg!

Yet this has been achieved without stripping the cabin bare. The *Aero TT* comes with luxuries such as sat-nav, as well as a 10-speaker premium entertainment system. It's a strict two-seater, and features a pair of skinny custom Recaro buckets which hold you exactly where you need to be held. They provide a reasonable amount of adjustment, and will enable drivers of most shapes and sizes to find a perfect seating position. The dials are simple, although they're not what you expect from a

amic!

car costing in excess of £400,000. They feel rather cheap – it's as if you're sitting in some Malaysian shitbox.

Still, all this is forgotten as soon as you turn the ignition key. When you combine the *Aero TT's* lightweight structure with the most powerful production engine in the world, the explosive performance is no big surprise. The block itself is incredibly light – it's all-aluminium in construction and weighs only 191kg – yet its other vital statistics are more impressive. The 6.4-litre mid-mounted twin-turbo V8 delivers 1,183bhp and 1,483Nm of torque to the rear wheels… and sounds the business.

Even the lightest of throttle inputs result in savage acceleration, but press hard and hold the right pedal down, and the car will sprint from 0-60mph in 2.78 seconds. The *Aero* completes the standing quarter mile in 9.9 seconds, by which time it has hit 144mph. And those massive brakes more than deliver on their promise, as the Shelby can sprint from 0-100mph and then bring itself to a standstill again in 11.66 seconds. Incredible.

That's all fine if you have a straight runway as your playground. But what if you want to throw this amazing machine through corners? Over the years, American cars have never quite been able to match the engineering efficiency of their German or Italian rivals, and have trailed in terms of driver involvement as a result.

"You'll need medication as well as dedication to drive this record breaker"

Shelby has worked hard to reverse this trend, equipping the *Aero TT* with numerous motorsport-derived components, including Penske shocks. As you'd expect from a car that looks as if it belongs on the track, it has an incredibly stiff set-up, so you feel every lump and bump on the road surface. Yet the trade-off for this is excellent chassis balance. It's grippy and agile, and the rigidity of the bodyshell impresses, delivering reassuring yet exhilarating handling.

Ultimately, the *Aero* doesn't have the edge the best of Europe has to offer, but its blend of incredible power and immense stiffness never fails to challenge or entertain. It's utterly impractical – you'll need medication as well as dedication to drive this record breaker on the road, such is its neck-snapping performance and bone-shaking ride. If you have regular access to a track, though, the *Ultimate Aero TT* is a thrilling proposition. And with only 25 being produced – and just one having made it to the UK so far – it's as rare as it is raw. Norris McWhirter would be chuffed. ♣

SHELBY SUPERCARS ULTIMATE AERO TT

Engine: 6.4-litre twin-turbo V8 • **Power:** 1,183bhp • **Torque:** 1,483N
Weight: 1,247kg • **0-60mph:** 2.78 seconds • **Top speed:** 257mph
Price: £335,000 • **Contact:** www.shelbysupercars.com

NON-STOP PARTY POOPHOLES #1

You can't beat a good bash, can you? Especially when said bash contains some of Club's very favourite crumpet getting drunk and frisky! So how could we resist the chance to pop along to our chums as **vivthomas.com's** Babe of the Year bash? With the likes of Sandy, Peaches and Nella in attendance, the evening was always going to go off in fine style! Special mention must go to Club fave Jo, who bagged the top prize, and, as you'll see from the next few pages, not without good cause!

PARTY POOPHOLES #2

Hic! Well, while we're in the mood, what better opportunity for a bash of our own could there be than the launch of our spiffing new website, **paulraymond.com**? Alright, so most weeks we're to be found dragging a model or two round the bars and joints of Soho with expense account card in hand, but this time it was all properly legit, as clam hungry porno babes like raunchy Renee Richards, the legenday Lolly Badcock, filthy Frankie Babe and northern nork-tress Michelle B helped us usher in the new website in suitable style. Sadly, the girls only went on to demonstrate why you should never take more than three pornsters out together… by lezzing it up on the bar! What an utter disgrace. Honestly, you're lucky you weren't there!

A CLASS ACT!

Dressing up with Jo is always a treat…

JO

PHOTOS: VLT

Here at Club, we're not really ones for living in the past, but at the same time we not ones to forget our old chums either – especially when our old chums are looking quite as horny as former Club regular Jo! If this set is anything to go by, it's little wonder Jo manages to snaffle the Babe of the Year crown at vivthomas.com's recent awards bash.

So Jo, what's the knack to staying so sexy-looking?

"Well, I guess you'll be wanting me to say something like 'Plenty of sex, giving blow-jobs every day and ensuring I get my regular ration of zinc', won't you?" she grinned. Umm, yes, I guess we were hoping for something like that...

"Too bad, then – I'm afraid the answers a lot more hum-drum than that. A sensible diet, staying out of the sun, plenty of sleep – they seem to do the trick for me!" Oh, erm…

"Not that loads of sex, blowies and sperm don't make things a bit more interesting along the way, though!" ♣

Watch Jo go knuckle deep, only at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

JO
Pull one off the peg with Jo at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

Doctor: Tell me, does it hurt?" Patient: "Only when I laugh." Doctor: Very well. In that it might be best if you stick to the jokes in Club for the time being..."

Send us your favourite filthy jokes and we could reward you with a crisp £50 note so that you can go down the pub and have a drink with your mates while you tell it! Send your joke to the usual address or mail them to clubint@paulraymond.com

CHEAP LAUGHS

A man is walking down the street when he sees a sign in a shop that reads: Hand Jobs £1, Doughnuts 50p. Matey goes inside and there is a mega fit bird behind the counter.

He says, "Are you the bird that does the hand jobs?" To which the bird replies, "Yes, I am."

"Wash your hands," he says, "I want a doughnut."

Colin, Email

"....but then I thought, why fork out twice for flowers ?"

COME IN YOU CUNTS!

Tired from the long weekend and grumpy from getting up too early with their young son, a husband and wife have a huge row in front of the boy, who heard his mother call his father a bastard and his dad call his mum a bitch.

"What does bitch and bastard mean?" he asked, and his parents told him they meant lady and gentleman.

The following day, having made up, the boy overhears his father telling his wife to feel his dick just as she was asking him to feel her titties. Again, he asks them what the words mean and they tell him that dicks are hats and titties are coats.

A few days later it's Christmas. Shaving for the day, the father cuts himself and says, "Shit," to which the boy asks, 'What does shit mean?"

"It's the brand of shaving cream I use," says the quick thinking father.

Downstairs, the boy's mother is preparing the turkey when she cuts herself. "Fuck," she snaps.

"What does that mean?" he asks.

"It's what most people call stuffing the turkey," she says, too busy to think up a better lie.

Then the doorbell rings. Opening the door to his relatives, the little boy grandly announces, "Right you bitches and bastards, put your dicks and titties in the cupboard, my dad is upstairs wiping the shit off his face, and mum's in the kitchen fucking the turkey!"

Ian, Feltham

SHITHEAD

Three men went to hell. Upon their arrival, the devil says to them, "You have come to hell, and now you must choose whether to spend eternity in one of these three rooms."

Room one was filled with men standing on their heads, on a hard wooden floor. Room two was filled with men standing on the heads, on a cement floor. Finally, room three had just a few men, standing up to their knees in shit and drinking tea. The men thought for a while, and all agreed that room three was for them, as it was less crowded and they could drink tea.

They entered the door to room three and, just as it was closing behind them, the devil said "Okay men, tea break's over, back on your heads."

Mark, Taunton

CHEESE DIPPER

A wife and husband, looking for ways to spice up their sex life, buy a pack of flavoured johnnies.

"Okay babe, let's make this interesting," says the husband. "You turn off the light, I'll put one on and you have to guess the flavour."

The lights go out, there's the sound of a fly being unzipped and some fumbling and then the wife calls out: "Easy, it's Gorgonzola!"

"Wait!" replies the husband. "It's not on yet!"

Matthew, Godalming ♣

PRIZE JOKE!

SHORT ON LUCK

Two hobbits walk into a bar where one of them picks up a drunken bird. They take her to a local motel – the first hobbit goes into the motel room while the other waits outside. Once the door closes, the hobbit on the outside hears strange noises through the door, accompanied by someone shouting, "I can't do it! I can't do it! I CAN'T FUCKING DO IT!"

In the morning, the second hobbit asks the first, "How did it go?"

"It was embarrassing. I simply could not do it."

The second hobbit shook his head, "Manhood problems, eh?"

"No, I couldn't get up on the bed!"

Bill 'Bo', Lancashire

BEACH BONER!

Are you man enough to have Faith?

PHOTOS: NICOLAS SAGE

What would you give to be marooned on a desert island with Faith?

"If I was going to be stranded on a desert island and I could only take one thing with me, I'd take a man," she proclaimed *(Hey, we're not just objects, you know! – Ed.)*. "And not just any man, a real man's man. I'd need someone big and strong who could chop down trees and build a home for us during the day and then take me at night, from behind. There's something animalistic about fucking on the beach; something about it turns me into a wild one – I don't want to be kissed or pampered, I want to be fucked, I want to feel him deep inside me, I want to know that I am getting fucked by a man, an alpha male. In short, the leader of the pack."

So you wouldn't want to take a satellite phone or some other communication device that might get you off the island?

"No way – just a big, strong, horny man!"

CLUB GIRL OF THE MONTH
FAITH

Corporate Entertainment | Product Launches | Award Shows | Celebration Packages | Bespoke Parties

Contact Jeremy Nargi - jnargi@spearmintrhino.com 020 7121 3300

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@spearmintleics

SHEFFIELD
60 Brown Street
S1 2BS
0114 276 2816
SpearmintRhinoSheffield
@RhinoSheffield

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Reckon your better half could be one of our best? Then get her to send a picture of herself, along with her name, address and a contact telephone number, to Readers' Girls, Club, 2 Archer Street, London, W1D 7AW. If she fits the bill she'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Bonnie **AGE:** 21
VITAL STATISTICS: 32C
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Slightly shy

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
Because most people think of me as a quiet girl who's a bit shy in the bedroom and I wanted to show them there's more to me…

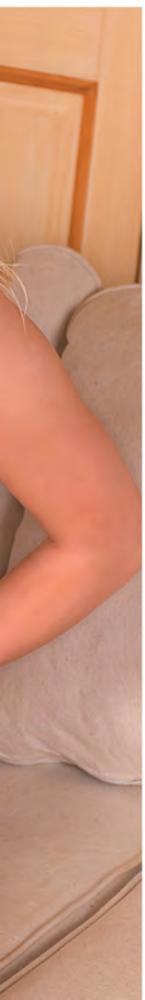
TELL US A FANTASY
Coming home after work to find a strange man in my bed with a thick hard-on under the sheet, I strip for him in silence and then suck his cock and ride him till I come and he leaves without saying a word.

WHAT'S YOUR MOST EXCITING SEXUAL EXPERIENCE?
I went to Niagara Falls last year with my ex and we wanked each other off at one of the viewing posts – he spunked right over the edge!

BUT YOU'RE SINGLE RIGHT NOW?
Yes, I'm a single girl right now, partly because of this! My boyfriend didn't want me to do anything like this but I want to experiment more with sex and my sexuality – he didn't even want to have a threesome with me and another girl.

SO IF A READER RECOGNISED YOU TOMORROW AND CHATTED YOU UP?
Well, I might come across at first as a shy girl but if I like them and they persevere then they better be prepared for having sex outdoors, threesomes, making our own videos and maybe even some orgies – let's take this as far as we can go! ♣

See Bonnie getting serious with herself, go to:
www.paulraymond.com/club



NUBILE NEWCUMMER

Reckon you can tame this rampant nympho?

www.paulraymond.com/club

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: **Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 2 Archer St, Piccadilly, London W1D 7AW**

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

The Club International Stereo of Filth &

With Club's music madman and pussy-magnet DJ Radio Jamaica

PAUL WELLER
22 Dreams (Island)

The Modfather's 9th solo album is a bit like ASDA's beer section – lots of variety and great value for money. 21 tracks and 70 minutes including collaborations from Noel Gallagher, Gem Archer, Graham Coxon, and Little Barrie plus bags of indie, funk, soul, and electronica – this really is the musical equivalent of 24 cans of Carling for £12. Old skool indie birds will be wet as fuck after listening to this.

BABYSHAMBLES
Oh What A Lovely Tour Live (Parlophone)

Want to fill the pockets of Parlophone executives with your cash? Then go and buy this bag of wank recorded at the Glasgow S.E.C.C. last December. Arena gigs aren't exactly genuine Doherty, nothing particularly crazy happens, and there's no Libertines songs – so why bother? If you really need a Babyshambles live recording then get the Live In Manchester DVD recorded at the Ritz in 2004 – its miles better.

THE SUBWAYS
All Or Nothing (Infectious)

The Subways' Charlotte Cooper is one of the fittest birds in music and the band's second long player has got a very Yank rock feel to it – partly due to the fact that it was recorded by Butch Vig of Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins fame. Happy days.

THE FRATELLIS
Here We Stand (Island)

The Fratellis are back with their second effort – a Glaswegian belter. Lots of football terrace singing choruses and potential *Match Of The Day* background music will leave you glam rocked up to the eye balls. Stick it on, drink some whisky, and fuck your girlfriend with a Highland Toffee in true Scottish fashion.

BLACK DEVIL DISCO CLUB
Eight Oh Eight (Lo Records)

Not heard from since 1978, the acid house influencers release only their second album – a super cosmic electro jungle boogie of a one way ticket into the knickers of a musically educated young lady on a dance floor near you. Marvellous.

FEED THE QUEEN MUM'S PONY

After supporting Daft Punk in Japan, Club chats to indie disco favourites CAZALS...

How were you gainfully employed before Cazals?

Daniel (guitarist): I trained to be a chef in New York when I was 18 and did very well with the American ladies. I spent some quality time with this very attractive older woman who then decided to bring her daughter to meet me as well – it was a fantastic experience!

Ever nicked anything?

Luca (guitarist): Me and Daniel had a competition to see who could steal the biggest thing from a service station. He got a massive remote control speed boat and I got a remote control monster truck.

Good work fellas. Ever had any run-ins with Old Bill?

L: Yes, funny one when I got caught stealing a Fleetwood Mac DVD from Borders. It was a Classic Albums series making of Rumours. I got off with a caution though. The Bobby made me a nice cup of tea as well.

Tell us a fishing story.

L: Amazing question! I was in France when I was about 12 and there was a sea bass farm all kept in a net in the sea. During the night the net broke and so the next day I went down to the dock with a borrowed line and caught a 2kg monster with my first cast. Problem was I didn't have a net to land the fish so I had to drag it back down to the dock and then the line snapped and the bloody fish got away. I reckon it would have tasted well nice.

Ever had any nasty accidents?

L: Two near fatal scooter accidents. Broke femur bone in three different parts, three ribs, shoulder and knee. I have a pin that goes all the way through my femur with four holding it in place. I was about 15 the first time and 17 second time. Ruined an immaculate 50cc Vespa with a 125cc engine.

D: I had my head smashed in a year ago by a gang outside my house, wasn't an accident though.

Can you tell us a story that involves Pete Doherty?

L: I'm currently his guest at his country house. We just had a great weekend playing music and eating food – it was his birthday.

Tell us a story that involves fingering girls.

D: When we went to Paris to make our album, our engineer, Julien, tried to talk like a cockney all the time but could only say "Queen Mum" and "Feed the pony." Every time someone made a mistake or had to re-do a take he'd say "Nah mate, feed the Queen Mum's pony." Not the nicest of thoughts when you're trying to concentrate on playing!

What kinky fetishes do you have?

D: It's not really a fetish but I like girls who have pretty feet. I don't think I could handle a girlfriend with bunions.

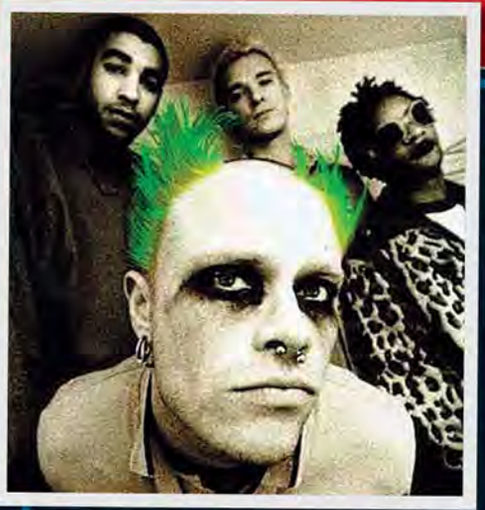
Where is the weirdest place you've ever had sex?

L: On a paddle boat out in the sea. It was going pretty well until I realised the tide had brought us near the beach and we had a little audience.

Rock'n'roll mate. Keep on shaggin'.

Cazals' debut album What Of Our Future is out now on Kitsune. It is brilliant!

Love!



JULY 2008 GIG GUIDE

Go to a festival, pull a young lady, collapse into a random tent, and... do we need to go on?

T IN THE PARK (11th – 13th)
Kinross, Scotland
Drink Super Strength, eat haggis, and party with Primal Scream, The Verve, The Prodigy, DJ Hell and R.E.M. Possibly the greatest festival line up EVER.

WIRELESS FESTIVAL (3rd – 6th)
Hyde Park, London
Watch Kate Moss getting fingered and listen to Morrissey, New York Dolls, Underworld and Counting Crows in a posh park. Bang on.

OXEGEN (11th – 13th)
Co Kildare, Ireland
See how many Irish birds you can charm and check out The Verve, Aphex Twin and Kings of Leon in the same fucked up weekend. Marvellous.

LATITUDE (17th – 20th)
Beccles, Suffolk
Loads of posh totty with fat bags full of money, plus top tunes from Franz Ferdinand, Interpol, Sigur Rós and Elbow. Worth a look.

GLADE FESTIVAL (18th – 20th)
Somewhere in the South of England
Get fucked out of your mind and dance like a dickhead to Jeff Mills, Plump DJs, Autechre and Meat Katie. Bonkers.

LOVEBOX WEEKENDER (19th – 20th)
Victoria Park, London
East End shennanigans, lots of dodgy dealers, expensive beer, plus The Flaming Lips, Human League and Roni Size = total madness.

ON THE GAME

GRAND THEFT AUTO 4

(Rockstar) *Xbox 360, PS3*

★★★★★

It makes you proud, doesn't it, that a game that totally overshadows the rest of the year's releases, and sends the hordes of ravening censor-monkeys up to the tops of the trees to pant-hoot till they're blue in the arse, is an entirely British production? It doesn't? Oh. Well, no matter, all pontification will cease no sooner have you slipped inside the *GTA4* envelope and posted yourself off to fantasy land.

Since our last outing to Liberty City things have progressed. You can now hail cabs instead of stealing them, sit down and watch TV or surf the internet. You can strike up conversations with strangers, invite them down the pub for a pint and play a game of darts. Hit the comedy clubs, go bowling or maybe even do some of the missions. For us, the best is that the cops have been sharpened up big time, so now when you piss them off they come on stronger than a drunk bird with a dirty mind! Goodbye Summer 2008.

SPEED RACER (Warner Brothers)

Nintendo Wii

★★★

What is the world coming to, two movie tie-ins that don't suck fat ones? Incredible!

Speed Racer, the latest Wachowski Brother's flick is a visual trigger for acid flashbacks if ever we've seen one and so, happily, is the game! Imagine if Wipeout (and we mean the original, mind-blowing version and none of the second rate follow ups) had been ported onto the Wii and given a healthy revamp and you've got *Speed Racer* nailed.

Now imagine Wipeout involved spinning your motor to kill off your competitors and then imagine that moment where a fellow speed freak gets slammed into the crash barrier at 300 mph. Got it? Looks nasty, huh? Looks fucking beautiful in slow-motion and is thoroughly satisfying to do over and over!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK (Sega)

Nintendo Wii, PS3, Xbox 360, PS2, DS

★★★

Hulk smash – And how! The simple pleasures in life are all destruction based (apart from shagging!). Smashing stuff buildings in real life can be a lot of fun if a little bit more expensive a hobby to do too often.

Here's where *The Incredible Hulk* comes in – he can lay waste to the whole of New York City (Marvel's version that comes complete with a variety of Marvel Comics locations for all the graphic novel nerds to wank about) in a variety of deeply satisfying ways. Pick up that passing bus and toss it into the side of a skyscraper and feel great about getting it wedge right in there. Grab that little fella over there and chuck him so far into the sky he doesn't come back or even play the game properly and complete the missions! We bet you don't get further than we did – terrorizing entire cities for fun!

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

HOSE ME DOWN!

A few months ago I employed a gardener to tend to my overgrown back yard (no, not that back yard!). There was an instant attraction and I knew from day one that I wanted to fuck him but I resisted the urge until one fateful day when I just couldn't help myself...

Having just got back from my usual Saturday shop on an unusually sunny afternoon, I decided to sit out in the garden and recuperate. My garden is very secluded, especially in the middle of the summer when everything is lush and in

"I love feeling the hot sun on my bare boobs and arse, it's a real turn on..."

leaf, so most of the time in this kind of hot weather I will go out there completely naked – I love feeling the sun on my bare boobs and arse, it's a real turn-on.

Anyway, not wanting to get burnt I started rubbing sun cream all over my body. I had got down to my breasts when I suddenly remembered the gardener was in today – I had totally forgotten!

Joe was a friend of an old boyfriend I had bumped into some time ago so we knew each other well enough not to have your basic employee/employer relationship. I looked over my shoulder to see him boldly

staring straight at my arse, his mouth agape, and thought I could see a bulge round his groin!

Feeling quite horny about it all, I continued to rub the cream onto my tits – looking back at him he had a huge smile on his handsome face and a confident look in his eye.

With the sun beating down on my naked body and Joe watching me, I started to feel very excited and it wasn't long before my tight, wet pussy was extra damp. Joe finally came over and asked if I would like him to put some cream on my back.

moved down to my arse and legs, rubbing and massaging my soft skin. Slowly but surely his hands wandered over my bum, first rubbing and then squeezing and fondling my cheeks when he felt sure I wasn't going to turn around and slap him. His confidence up, Joe's fingertips found their way in between my arse cheeks, rubbing in rhythmic, circular strokes. By this time I had started to softly groan with pleasure – I couldn't wait to see what he would do next...

He asked me in a whisper to raise my arse up off the lounger, right up

"He started to play with my tight pussy, rubbing it gently the sticking a finger in..."

"You look like you could do with some help on those, er, hard to reach bits," he said. He told me to lay down on the sun lounger, face down. I was surprised by his sudden assertiveness after weeks of telling him what I wanted him to do, yet it was a real turn-on.

I noticed the outline of his hard cock was now bursting out of his pants so decided to lay down as he had asked to see what he would do, and Joe poured the tanning lotion onto my back. As any red-blooded man would, he quickly

into the air and incredibly I came almost in an instant as he started to play with my tight pussy, rubbing it gently then sticking his finger in, letting his thumb haunt my clit and hood as my mind flooded with the thought of two cocks fighting over my snatch for dominance.

His other hand moved to my ring and soon Joe was toying with both my holes, teasing my ring and fingering my cunt, his tongue flitting between them both. I was so horny

at this point that I couldn't wait for his cock any longer, I just wanted to get my lips around it and suck it down. I rolled over and reached out for his bulge and Joe pulled his shorts down and stood proudly looking down at his thick manhood while I took it in hand.

It was so hard I was almost dribbling at the thought of it being in my mouth. I took it down deep, deep into my throat – it was bent, curving slightly to the left and up and as it bounced around in front of my face I had to rise myself up and slide my mouth down onto him, but every time I pulled back it would spring from my mouth and flash right in front of my eyes glistening with my saliva. I stood up and kissed him, wanking his shaft against my belly and then dropped down to my knees and sucked on his balls, holding his cock up against his stomach and licking it from balls to tip, plunging my face over his meat and almost gagging on it, which clearly thrilled Joe by the exclamations he was spluttering through gritted teeth! I looked up, momentarily pulling him from my mouth to get my breath back and he was grinning down at me from ear to ear, loving it all, so I put his big dick back into my mouth and sucked it down and down until he pulled me up and told me to go and bend over with my hands up against the far garden wall.

Being as wet and horny as I was I did what he said, my mind filling with filthy thoughts. I could feel him behind me – his hand reached round the side of me to my clit while his cock teased my pussy lips apart and his other hand pawed at my buttocks. Then he rammed his curved cock straight up my wet and wanton cunt, filling me up from behind. I let out a gasp as his dick stretched me wide and I couldn't help but whine and say "yeah, more!" as Joe began to fuck me hard, his thighs slapping against my buttocks, his balls hitting me lightly on my clit as he stood up tall and just ploughed into my snatch. Faster and faster he thrust until I

"I couldn't wait for his cock any longer, I just wanted to get my lips around it and suck it down..."

thought it couldn't get any more horny, when he gently eased a finger up my bum and swirled it round and round. My come was flowing – I was in ecstasy feeling him push at both holes and I came and came as if I had suddenly become one of those women who have hundreds of orgasms every day.

Joe got so excited he just took his cock out and spunked all over my arse without warning, then he started spanking me, splashing his jizz down my thighs and over himself, telling me what a tease I was rubbing cream into my tits. When Joe finally stopped toying with his spunk on my arse, he sauntered off down to the house and left me alternately rubbing at my clit and searching for his come on my back. Then Joe came back with the hose. He turned it on and showered me off while I danced around, playing with my swollen, fucked pussy. Joe put the hose on full force and sprayed my tits and I started pulling hard at my nipples and bouncing my tits up and down right in front of him turning him on once more.

Before I knew it he was fucking me hard again with a real urgency in his rhythm. There was a knock on my front door and I quickly ran to the bathroom, grabbed a towel and answered it – it was my friendly neighbours asking if everything was okay!

"Okay?" I said. "No, everything is fucking amazing!" and shut the door. When I went back to the garden, Joe was lying naked on the grass. I grabbed his cock, licked it, sucked it and then sat astride him and fucked it. I tried my best to keep very quiet but couldn't help but show my appreciation for his cock and screamed out loud as I came one more time on his thick rod, rubbing my clit against his pole when he slipped himself out and shot his spunk up my belly and over his own.

I'm sure the girl next door knew what was going on as she always looks at me with a glint in her eye these days. I might ask her to join me next time. Joe still tends to my bushes every week, but he's even more attentive to my flower!

Sophia, Brighton ♣

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

IS YOUR DVD PLAYER LOOKING A BIT FORLORN? THEN WHY NOT STICK ONE ONE OF THESE IN IT?

RATINGS: ★ STRIPEY TANKTOP ★★ CARDIGAN ★★★ POLYESTER ROLLNECK ★★★★ JUMPER ★★★★★ CASHMERE SWEATER

Jumper (20th Century Fox)

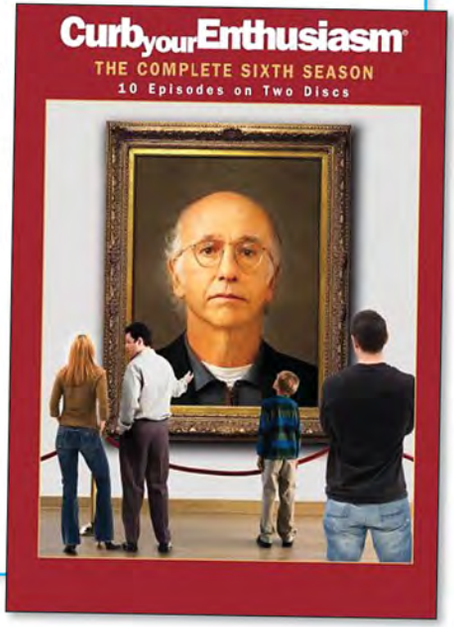
Teleportation, eh? wouldn't it be great? No more commuter chaos – and Terminal 5 just a distant memory! Sadly it's only available to a few, select, 'Jumpers' like Hayden Christensen's David – our planet hopping hero who leads the life of Riley thanks to his trick of teleporting himself into bank vaults to pinch lolly. Except life's never quite that simple, is it? In true *Highlander* style, David's got someone on his tail... and it's only Samuel L. Jackson! It all turns out to be part of some centuries old battle, you see. All good fun, really, but without ever really getting too far off the ground. ★★★

Cloverfield (Paramount Home Entertainment)

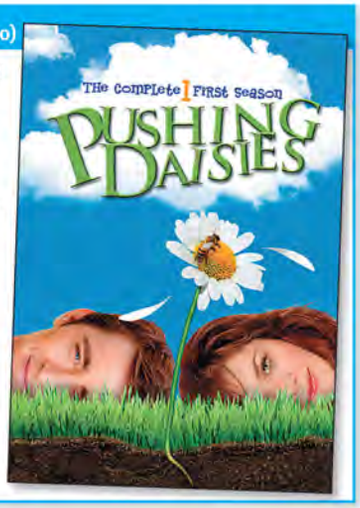
The shaky, DIY camerawork of *The Blair Witch Project* has spawned a few imitators, but this recent offering from Matt Reeves has to be one of the most successful. Things kick off innocently enough, with somebody getting roped in to record the farewell party for one of his mates who's off to work in Japan, when the shit hits the fan as a giant monster starts terrorising New York. Post-9/11 paranoia is evident throughout, so while this is basically *Godzilla* for the YouTube generation, it's still packs quite a few thrills along the way. ★★★

Curb Your Enthusiasm 6 (HBO)

Like many, we thought Larry David's cringe-making dissection of Los Angeles foibles was running out of steam by the fifth series, but series six finds him right back on form. This turn around is largely down to the arrival of the Blacks (featuring a fantastic turn by J.B. Smoove), a family Larry and Cheryl agree to put up after their home is destroyed by a hurricane. Typical misunderstandings occur on a regular enough basis, which lead to Larry's long-suffering wife Cheryl leaving him. Not that he lets it get him down for long, and is quickly (and ineptly) dipping his toe back into the dating game. Flawless. ★★★★★



Pushing Daisies (Warner Home Video)



Isn't it meant to be 'Pushing up daisies'? Maybe the producers thought that would sound a bit obscene. Either way, this is the latest slice of slick American TV to hit our scenes, following in the footprints of other magical realist shows like *Heroes* and, er, *Dead Like Me* (does anyone remember that one?). Lee Pace stars as Ned, a man who's got the ability to raise the dead by touching them, and who re-unites with his dead ex-girlfriend Anna Friel to set up a PI business. So it's *Randall and Hopkirk Deceased*, really, without the groovy music and white suit… but with Anna Friel! ★★★

Ghost Game (Showbox Home Entertainment)

While *Cloverfield* put a few noses out of joint with its 9/11 imagery, this Thai horror hasn't just stepped on a few toes – it's stamped on them with its heels on. There can't be many folk out there who'd come up with the idea of combining a *Big Brother*-style TV marathon with the horrors of the Khmer Rouge slaughter in Cambodia in the 70s, but that's the premise of this flick. Eleven wannabees are packed off not to a comfy pad with a hot tub in Borehamwood, but a former Cambodian prison, and told to try and rouse the spirits of those who died there. Which they do. Scary stuff, but even for us, this is pretty non-pc! ★★★

The Jim Jarmusch Collection 1 (Optimum Home Entertainment)

Few directors' work is as idiosyncratic and recognisable as that of Jim Jarmusch, who's been turning out stylishly skewed takes on American life for getting on 30 years. This collection brings together his first three features, starting with 1980's *Permanent Vacation* (which his film school wrote off as a 'waste of time'). Surreal, jazzy, and laid-back, it's an arresting opener, and a pretty good primer for what's to follow. *Stranger Than Paradise* features more New York based hip-cattery, while in *Down By Law* Tom Waits and Jarmusch regular John Lurie end up in the Louisiana swamps. Weird, but good.

Juno (20th Century Fox)

Once in a while a flick with a strong indie feel will get some major mainstream success, and this is one of 'em. Ellen Page stars as the (remarkably) sassy eponymous 16-year-old who finds herself up the stick after a shag with her best friend, the ever excellent Michael Cera. So far so *Coronation Street*, but the way the film plays out has real charm and humour – sometimes in some pretty unlikely settings. Will she have an abortion, or will she have the sprog adopted? Clue: there aren't too many American films that see their heroines going off for abortions. Good music and a strong ensemble round things off nicely. ★★★★

Tipple X

Each issue, purely in the interests of investigative journalism, Club's dedicated team will be tracking down and taste testing some premium booze just so we can give you the lowdown. This month we've been mostly watching Deliverance…

Georgia Moon Corn Whiskey

What…

Moonshine they call it, or corn squeezin's, or corn mash, or corn likker, or gut pickle or anything else you fancy calling it as long as you say it with a hillbilly twang, preferably wearing some dungarees over a check shirt with a nice straw hat and three days' of whiskers sprouting from your chin.

Why…

It's festival season and, as any experienced festival goer knows, it gets bloody cold once the sun's gone down. Plus, there's always some cunt with a guitar who thinks it's a good idea to sit round your fire singing shitty little folk songs and sucking in all the bad vibes. With this handy little bottled-in-a-Mason-jar fire-side friend, they could sing Ging-Gang-Goolie and it'll sound like the banjo/guitar duel from Deliverance.

Where…

If you're not at any festivals, make sure you're outside when you open this. Rabble rousing and howling at the moon just aren't the same when you're all huddled round the radiator in the kitchen.

When…

After the sundown – you're not an alcoholic. Yet.

How…

Tricky one this – you'd look a right twat drinking it through a straw and you'll spill it everywhere if you try and pour it into a glass. The only way to do it is to either fashion a straw out of a corn cob, thus looking the part, or slosh it straight down your throat and hope you don't singe off any of those whiskers you've been cultivating when you spill it down your face.

Who…

Huckleberry Finn, now that he's an adult and his days of swanning up and down the Mississippi with his red neck hobo mates have turned into days spent swanning around the gutter with his trousers off and his pecker tied up – don't wanna let none of this here gulpin' whiskey escape now, ya hear?

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Sam Petite 5' 2" 30DD new to this but keen to meet up for fun & maybe more. **MAILBOX: 09097 967081**

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PEACHES

It's the only place to find all of your bum banter and tales of backdoor fun – every month!

UP THE DOWN UNDER!

I had just started attending an adult learning centre so I could catch up on my education after missing the last four years of school. I didn't know what to expect, but I knew this would be more fun than any high school!

I met Jimmy at the lunch table one day, and as soon as I saw him look me over I knew he was interested. He spent all lunch undressing me with his eyes, didn't say much, but had a stare that made my pussy tingle. I'm a petite brunette with a very cute, tight bum that seems to send everyone I meet crazy – they love it!

Not long passed and I was up in his flat. He began undressing me one item of clothing at a time, finally removing my lacy thong with his teeth. Jimmy licked up the inside of my thighs then, diving into my soaked, horny cunt, lapped away at my clit. This sent me fucking wild – grinding my slit against his face, I could feel his teeth softly biting and this sent me even wilder!

He stood up next to the bed with his meat out in front of me and I immediately started to suck. Jimmy gasped and whimpered as I sucked hard on his long, solid cock. He put his hands through my hair and pulled me closer, and his prick went as deep as it could into my throat. He then pulled away, laying me back and lifting my legs high up, pushing his cock between my legs and deep into my hole. He fucked me hard and fast, just the way I like it, tweaking and squeezing my perky tits and flicking my clit lightly.

I could feel my orgasm coming and shuddered with intense pleasure as the hot rush came over me. Jimmy stood me up, taking me over to a desk. "Are you going to let me fuck your bum?" asked Jimmy.

I had always refused this in the past with other men, but I Was feeling so horny and dirty I couldn't bring myself to refuse.

His smile widened and he eased half his length up slowly, and I let out a cry of pleasure and pain – but quickly realised it was more pleasure. I pushed back, now having all of his very erect dick up my back door. Jimmy groaned and sighed and it made me sopping wet!

He inserted four fingers into my pussy – I felt like I was going to come again then. He played with my tits with his other hand as he rammed hard up me. Screaming with joy, I poked my bum out further and he grabbed my hips and thrust hard!

His hot spunk shooting up me triggered my second orgasm, and what a fucking orgasm! We felt pretty pleased with ourselves – I was very late back from lunch that day and most days after that. So am I educated? I fucking am now!

Ashelee, Capel, Western Australia

"Screaming with joy, I poked my bum out further and he grabbed my hips and thrust hard!"

LET'S GET STRAIGHT TO IT!

I joined a few contact sites on the internet

recently. I had heard some good reports from my mates, so I thought I would give it a go to see if I could get any action.

I quickly found a few profiles I liked the look of, and sent off a few messages. Of those that came back, one, MaryM69, really caught my attention. The picture was a bit blurry, but she looked cute enough, a shock of blonde hair and a smiling face. She was 27, a sexy size 12, and I soon discovered that she was filthy as hell. As we exchanged messages they got hotter and dirtier – I had many a wank during our instant message sessions as she described how she wanted to suck my hard cock, and ram it up her willing arsehole. We finally arranged a meeting and I couldn't wait for the day to come – I was sure I was in for the fuck of a lifetime!

I arrived at the bar we had arranged to meet at a bit early I was so excited. She said that she would be wearing a blue top, and sure enough, in the corner of the bar a sexy blonde wearing blue was sitting on her own slurping a cocktail through a straw and looking coyly in my direction.

There was no point messing around, so I walked straight up to her, sat down and said, "I think we should get out of here right now."

"Okay then," she grinned, without a second's hesitation. We climbed into a cab and in an instant she was on me, kissing me hard and running her hands down my chest into my shirt. It was two weeks of internet teasing coming out for both of us. I had exposed one of her firm, large titties and was greedily sucking

"'He eased half his length up slowly and I let out a cry of pleasure..."

her hard pink nipple into my mouth when the cabbie told us we were there.

Within seconds, we were in the flat and on the sofa, next to the computer we had first met through. She pushed me down and stripped me from the waist to my feet, exposing my throbbing hard-on. Her beautiful titties bounced as she bent down and took my meat in her hot mouth, starting a slow, deep rhythm, my helmet disappearing further and further into her mouth and down her throat.

I reached under her skirt and found her hot mound through her silky panties. Slowly, I applied pressure against her lips and clit, her mound warm beneath my hand, before sliding her panties aside – she was so wet my middle finger went straight inside. She made a strange, grateful, gurgling noise (it's hard to make sense when you have a cock in your mouth, I guess), and I began to encircle her clit, slipping two fingers in and out of her tight cunt.

Standing her up, I stripped her dress and panties off and saw her in all her glory for the first time. Firm yet with some flesh on her – like women should look – she had exquisite hips that framed a neatly trimmed, dark brown bush surrounding her dripping lovebox.

She parted her legs and sank down towards me. I grabbed her arse with both hands and guided her hot wetness over my cock. You can never beat the feeling of sliding your cock into

"So tight and hot, the cunt juices on my cock letting it travel deeper up her pipe..."

a new and willing cunt, the hot smooth flesh enveloping your sensitive member. That and watching a girl's face as she takes your hard meat and loves it!

To begin with I moved her up and down, my hands on her trembling buttocks, but as we fucked away I let her control the rhythm and moved my hand round to her arse crack, running my fingers around her bumhole, slowly but surely relaxing her butt muscles and working my finger in to get her ready for the arse-fucking she had got me so randy for.

The further my finger went in the more she seemed to go wild, whimpering and moaning, her head swaying from side to side. She needed no encouragement as I moved her round so her arse was in my face and pressed my nose deep in there, inhaling the smells of her hot cunt and arse. Moving her down, she grabbed my cock and pressed it gently into her ring. So tight and hot, the cunt juices on my cock letting it travel deeper up her pipe until the entire length was in deep. With each thrust she cried out with pleasure, bucking and rocking.

Without taking my cock from her, I lifted her up, placed her on her hands and knees on the floor, and began to screw her arse harder and faster. Her little shrieks and moans intensified as the speed increased and finally I pulled my meat out and came forcefully over her sweet buttocks and arse crack, dribbling spunk down over her gaping ring.

Usually I'm pretty well spent after a fuck and need a while to recover, but this horny little thing was so filthy I don't think my stiffy even waned at all before I got my second wind.

"Oh good – are you going to do me again?" she grinned, and I could hardly say no, could I? This time we took things a little less frantically, but it still didn't take her long to get me cock up her slippery bum again, where she ground out two or three orgasms before I came again and we collapsed into a hot and sweaty – but very happy! – heap. We're meeting again next week, and I can't wait!

Mike, Nuneaton ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?
Send your bum banter to: **Peaches, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1D 7AW**, or you can e-mail them to us at ***clubint@paulraymond.com***. There's £50 for every letter we print, so remember to include your name and address. Don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

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SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Fed up with those 'adult' channels on the telly? Then perhaps it's time you invested in some grumble...

RATINGS: ★ THEY GET PAID FOR THIS? ★★ NOT EVEN FOR GIRLS ★★★ WATCHABLE ★★★★ BUY ME! ★★★★★ FUCK ME!

Cheerleaders (Digital Playground)

Apparently this offering from Digital Playground has been flying off the shelves in America, and it's not hard to see why! Ever since *Debbie Does Dallas*, cheerleaders have been a porno favourite, and this flick throws the kitchen sink – and a fair slab of top scruff talent, at the project. Jesse Jane, Sophia Santi, Shay Jordan, Adrianna Lynn and relative newcomer Stoya all get stuck in, meaning every scene features some eye-candy of the highest order. Plus there's something for everyone on the tit front, from obvious fakes, through natural looking whoppers to bee-stings! And it's spread over two discs, meaning there's loads of bangs for your buck! ★★★★

Young Harlots In Detention (Harmony)

More 'college girl' shenanigans from Harmony, which starts off with a fairly amusing lament from the headmaster as he eyes his nubile charges! Then it's down to business, with saucy Regina Ice taking a break from her piano lessons to take a back door hammering from her tutor. Then Brianna Love gets some more of the same, in one of the best anal scenes we've seen for some time. Pearly Blue, meanwhile, takes on a whole staff room full of cock, and does so with aplomb, before cute covergirl Daisy Marie gets in on the act. She confines the action to the front door, but it's still hot. With plenty more to come, this is a top notch effort. ★★★★★

Night Shift Nurses – Kranke 1 (Adult Source Media)

Hang on a sec, what's going on here?! Ah, okay, so it seems the UK market has now opened up to manga scruff – it was probably only a matter of time. So here we are, with 30 minutes (plus a bonus 30 minutes) of nurse related anime filth, and quite an eye-opener it is, too. Of course it takes a while before you stop expecting all the characters to shout "Transmute!" and turn into spaceship-flying bird people, but once you get past that, it's actually kind of horny. The plot involves a nurse becoming the sex slave of one of the doctors, and to be fair he prongs as frequently as he can in the time. Good sound effects, too! ★★★

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BORED AT HOME

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filthy FUCKING

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BLACK BOOTY

HARDCORE EBONY RELIEF!

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Lady BOY

EXPERT WANKER!

CARESSES UR THROBBING COCK!

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DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

SEEKING NO-STRINGS FUCK SESSION!

36p per minute

I'M HOME ALONE & FEELING EXTREMELY HORNY

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BLONDE SLUT

WANTS YOUR COCK IN HER

A**E

STRETCH ME FUCK ME CUM IN ME!

"TINKER WITH MY SPHINCTER"

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FILTHY LIVE CUNT! FUCKING

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WET 'N' WILD	0909 944 0779
ADULT BABIES	0909 944 0822
GRANNY SLUTS	0909 944 0847
KNICKERS	0909 944 0832
HOUSEWIVES	0909 944 0755
JUST LEGAL 18+	0909 945 6092
FETISH BITCH	0909 945 6056

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18+ TEEN SLUT

PUMP MY PUSSY FULL OF YOUR HOT CUM

FUCK ME HARD & DEEP IN MY HOT TIGHT PINK CUNT!

36p per minute

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FILTHY GRANNY

NEEDS YOUR FACE RIGHT UP INSIDE HER CUNT

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SLOPPY BLOW JOB

CUM GUZZLIN' SLUT SWALLOWS YOUR STICKY CUM

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ASIAN CUTIE

MUNCH HER SHAVEN CUNT!

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Lady Boys Special!	0982 506 0374

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FUCK MY BIG TITS

only 36p per minute

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Knicker Lovers

SNIFF MY DAMP PATCH

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Only 46p per Minute

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DIRTY DOM EVIL

CUMS IN MANY FORMS!

SICK! BITCH

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Upper Class SLUT

POSH XXX FILTH

SQUIRTS FILTHY JUICES IN YOUR FACE!

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Just Legal 18+

Fuck My Tits

Spunk in my face

Young & Hungry For Cum!

LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE

Fuck my tight Pussy!

LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE 1-2-1 LIVE

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FILTHY LIVE 121 SEX

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DOMINATION	0982 506 0321
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BIG TITS	0982 506 0482
JUST LEGAL 18+	0982 506 0363
A**L ACTION!	0982 506 0401
ASIAN BABES	0982 506 1459
BLACK GIRLS	0982 506 0395
HOUSEWIVES	0982 506 0178
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THAI LADY BOY

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DIRTY LIVE SEX

FILTHY GRANNY

ONLY 36p per minute

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Stella

...where to stick it!

PHOTOS: VLT

The last time I went out in the sun without a hat on I was down the pub with some friends and the heat got the better of me. No, it wasn't the four large glasses of wine that did it, it was the sitting out in the beer garden with the sun beating down on my head!

So this year I'm not making the same mistake twice (especially since there was this really cute guy there I fancied…). This year you'll not see me outside without my hat on. You might well see me outside with all my clothes off – if you're lucky – but you won't see the top of my head on the wrong side of any front doors from now until the autumn.

The only way you're going to get my hat off is if you take me out to the woods and fuck me really hard from behind so that it falls off, and it's got a very tight headband so you're going to have to really give it to me to have even half a chance of dislodging it from my head.

Hey – I think I've just invented my own hit sexy game of this summer! ♣

Stella...where to stick it!

For a wealth of hardcore Stella pics, go to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

Take your hat off to Stella at:
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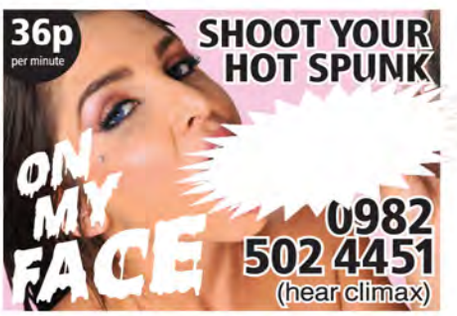

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18+. Helpdesk 0207 966 9616. Standard network charges apply. Women: Network charges only. Send STOP to 88199 to stop. You may be sent free mktg msgs for similar services. Text NO INFO to 88199 to opt out. IP: X-On.

TO ADVERTISE CONTACT MARK HASSELL ON 01932 223 625

CONTACTS

PLEASURE Dome 24HRS
live call back
No recordings, No Restrictions.
An uncensored and totally private phone affair.
All fantasies catered for.
Teenies to Grannies (18 -70) call from their own homes.
Book a Call Now!!
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SEX CONTACTS

Kimberly Single mum- doesn't get enough! I'm looking for No Strings SEX only!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 104**

Joanne Blonde 32DD - Midlands very dirty loves All ways!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 100**

Alison Curvy & very sexy. Looking for men to give sexy times. I'd love to dress up for you.
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 102**

Sam Petite size 6 - very sexual loves to please! Anything Goes!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 106**

Kelly Student, wants extra fun!
MAILBOX No: **09097 968 108**

RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SEND PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL. COST£1.50/M TTEL BOX 4033 LONDON WC1N 3XX

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24 hour 'LIVE SEX CALL BACK'
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No recordings, No Voices in the background
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The Real Girlfriend Experience.
Book a Call Now!!
You'll never CUM anywhere else again!
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PLEASURE Dome

MASSAGE

SCANDINAVIAN BLONDE - Call Inga. Blonde, hot sexy beauty returns from Arizona **07736 361150**
or 020 7730 1961
Sloane Street.
www.danishbritta.co.uk

SEX LINES

TIGHT asian SLUTS
"fuck my little holes long time"
CALL ONLY 35P per minute
"let me pleasure Your hard cock with my pussy"
0982 505 0994
Service provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. Call cost 35p per minute plus your phone company's access charge. Calls recorded. Help: 03332002321. 18+ only. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile may receive free promo msgs, call 03332002321 to opt out.

Calls Recorded. 48p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145.

Calls Recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145.

Service provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. Call cost 35p per minute plus your phone company's access charge. Calls recorded. Help: 03332002321. 18+ only. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile may receive free promo msgs, call 03332002321 to opt out.

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18+. Calls recorded. 09=36p per min + your network's access charge. SP:Candywall. Helpdesk 0207 966 9676.

Calls Recorded, 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145

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ladyboys
WANT THEIR TIGHT ASSHOLES PENETRATED DEEP NOW
35P per minute
DRILL ME DEEP WHILE I CALL WANK FOR YOU
0982 505 2044
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Service provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. Call cost 35p per minute plus your phone company's access charge. Calls recorded. Help: 03332002321. 18+ only. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile may receive free promo msgs, call 03332002321 to opt out.

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Calls Recorded, 46p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL: 0203 455 2145

SEX 1-2-1 NO BORING INTRO
Adult Chat
0909 534 22 66
Mobiles Call 69179 60p per min
Txt 'Wet' to 69695 £1.20 PER MSG P/C
from your mobile
We'll do anything

ADC Media PO Box 4504 M61 0GJ. Calls recorded & cost 36p per min plus your network access charge. 69179=60p per min. Over 18s. Bill payers permission. Texts cost £1.20 each to receive + standard network charges apply. To opt out of marketing send STOP ALL to 69695 at any time. We may send promo msgs. Helpline/Opt Out 0161 607 3017.

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HARDCORE • HARDCORE • HARDCORE • HARDCOR
FORCED TO BE A SISSY BITCH!
WELCOME TO SISSY SCHOOL!
46p PER MINUTE
TRAINED TO TAKE MISTRESSES COCK!
46p PER MINUTE
0908 140 1881

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10p PER MIN
MEN
0871.208.5000
WOMEN FREE
0333.014.9999
*0871 cost 10 pence per minute plus network extras. First Media Ltd. PO BOX 62424, E14 1FN. 18+. Help: 0203 763 5889

18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 60p per min

www.live121chat.com

LIVE 1-2-1
FUCK MY TIGHT HOT PUSSSY!
new
0909 854 33 40

LIVE 1-2-1
60+ chat
Betty wants HARD cock NOW!
0909 854 3341

FILTHIEST FONE FUCK
LIVE 1-2-1
0909 854 3330

the wank line
OPEN WIDE...
0909 854 3343

Live Sex chat
I'M ALL WET & HORNY SO FUCK ME!
0909 854 3342

30 SEC WANK
NO BORING INTRO!
0909 854 3331

LIVE FILL MY A**E
TILL IT'S DRIPPING WITH UR CUM
46p
0908 520 1102

She's a cock hungry
MILF
0909 854 3338

I'LL BE YOUR SLUT!
She's waiting for your cock!
CALL:
0909 854 3336

xXx GAY STORIES
from 31p
Dial & Spunk
0908 789 1100
LIVE 1-2-1: 0909 854 3335

LIVE SEX CHAT 1-2-1
Lick my fucking CUNT bitch!
0909 854 3333

HARD BONDAGE
LIVE 1-2-1 SEX!
0909 854 3339

Virgin Teen Chat
18+
CALL NOW!!
Get your COCK out and WANK with ME!
0909 854 3334

Smash the Granny out of this Granny!
XXX
0909 854 3344

FILTHY Confessions!
36p
CALL & CUM
0909 860 8609
Virgin no more!
Lonely housewife fuck
My boss fucked me
Hard domination
Horny Lesbians
Gay confessions
My steamy first time

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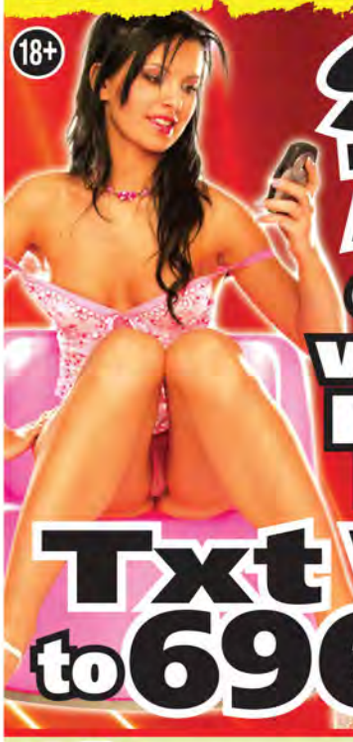
18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 18 MOBILES CALL 69179 60p per min

HARDCORE SEX LINES



18+

SEX TEXT

GIRLS waiting RIGHT NOW!

Txt Wet to 69695 £1.20 PER MSG/PIC

LISTEN IN! LIVE WANKING

BACKDOOR EXCITEMENT
0909 860 0011

18+ SUZY THE VIRGIN
0909 860 0012

NURSE ANGELA
0909 860 0013

SHAVE SILKY SMOOTH
0909 860 0014

HAND JOB
0909 860 0015

SUCK MY FEET
0909 860 0016

FAMILY DEAL
0909 860 0017

FRIEND'S STRAP ON
0909 860 0018

SEX SOUNDS
0909 860 0019

CREAM ON MY MASSIVE TITS
0909 860 0020

HOT STICKY PANTIES
0909 860 0021

NAUGHTY TIGHT 18+ VIRGIN
0909 860 0023

HORNY HOUSEWIFE
0909 860 0024

LICK YOUR MISTRESS
0909 860 0025

36p per minute FILTHY SLUT FINGER FUCK JUST FOR YOU
0909 860 0026

LIVE 1-2-1

Cheap Filthy Granny Chat

1-2-1

36p per minute 0909 860 0027 Mobiles 69179 60p per min

XXX Hardcore Quickie

ACTUAL SOUNDS!

LIVE FUCKING
0909 860 0079

SEX ADVICE LINES 1-2-1

AN*L SEX
0909 860 0028

FEMALE MASTURBATION
0909 860 0029

ORAL SEX (WOMEN)
0909 860 0030

ORAL SEX (MEN)
0909 860 0031

HOW TO TREAT 18+ A VIRGIN
0909 860 0032

SEXUAL DOMINATION
0909 860 0075

SIZE IS IT IMPORTANT?
0909 860 0076

LESBIAN POSITIONS
0909 860 0077

TV/TS ADVICE
0909 860 0078

18+ SQUEEZE INSIDE my TIGHT teen VIRGIN HOLE
36p per minute LIVE 0909 860 0080

FUCK ME while my husbands at work!
STRANGERS make my PUSSY so WET
LIVE 1-2-1 XXX FUCKING!!
0909 860 0081
36p per minute

36p per minute UNLOAD ON GRANNY!!
she's GAGGING for COCK! WANK OFF NOW
0909 860 0082 LIVE 1-2-1

36p per minute www.35p-cheap-phone-sex.com PHONE SEX 36p per minute

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A BROAD ABROAD!

Going on holiday this year? Check the beaches for Alex!

ALEX

PHOTOS: EXPOSUREZONE

Wherever you're going on holiday this year, we hope it's the same place as Alex!

"I'm a sucker for holiday romances," she trilled. "Get me on a beach in the sun for two weeks with nothing else to do and I soon get to thinking about sex. There's so many cute guys on the beach that it's only a matter of time before I'm going gaga over one of them. And the great thing about being on holiday is that if the first guy I fall for isn't too hot in bed then I just move on to the next! Usually, I am in for at least one week of red hot fucking night and day – I often joke that I only come home for the rest!"

So where are you going for your holiday this year, Alex?

"Somewhere hot, that's all I know – can you recommend any place?" ♣

ALEX

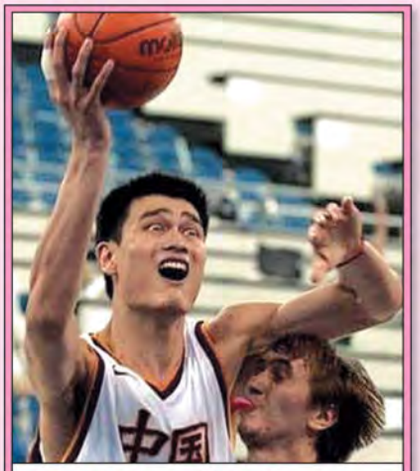
STICK IT IN THE REAR!

CHECK OUT MORE RUBBISH THAT'S BEEN FILLING UP OUR INBOX. GOT MORE TO SEND? GET IT OVER TO clubint paulraymond.com

ANY EXTRAS?
It comes in three models, left-hand drive, right-hand drive and two-handed wank – the Ford Toss…

CROWN JEWELS STOLEN!
Confusion reigned in Small Town, Australia when police, on the look out for stolen earrings were given the owner's description: they're the dog's bollocks.

</SUCK MY COCK>
Well if it worked for her…



PITTSBURG STEELERS
You think that's bad, you should ee where his finger is!

HELLBOUND
Is it because she don't swallow?

WHATEVER IT TAKES...
No, seriously, I think someone dropped a bag of coke up your cunt…

EXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE

ISSUE 37.08 ON SALE 17TH JULY

SUCK IT AND SEE!

CHERRY'S GOT A SWEET TOOTH, AND AN EVEN SWEETER TUSH!

PLUS A HOT SEX DVD FOR EVERY UK READER!

Soaking Sahara's too good to be true, but she's no mirage!

Grab a handful of Sarah's peachy rear – and tuck in!

Catwalk cutie Jodie shows us something that's always in fashion!

CHEAPER WANKING by CREDIT CARD

VISIT www.PHONE-SEX-JERK.co.uk CUM HARD RIGHT NOW ON THE CHEAP

enjoy a cheaper wank!

CHEAP W*NK LINES

CALL NOW & SHOOT YOUR LOAD

UNZIP & UNLOAD
0909 466 5775*

0982 505 1600 - DIRTY PHONE SEX
0982 505 1601 - FILTHY GRANNIES F*CK ROUGH
0982 505 1602 - QUICKIE RELIEF W*NK
0982 505 1603 - GREEDY YOUNG TEEN 18+ SEX
0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT
0982 505 1605 - 30 SECOND W*NKS
0982 505 1606 - GRANNY BUCKET C*NT
0982 505 1609 - 50+ GAGGING FOR SEX
0982 505 1610 - QUICKIE W*NK
0982 505 1607 - HEAR ME CLIMAX
0982 505 1608 - FRESH YOUNG TEENS 18+ NEED F*CKING

OLDER LADIES WANT CASUAL SEX
0982 505 1497

QUICKIE SEX RELIEF LINE
0909 466 5777*

CHEAPEST W*NK EVER!
SPEEDY W*NKS 0982 505 1499

84 YR OLD GRANNY
WELCOMES ANY C*CK SHE CAN GET
GRANNY FR*GGS HER TIRED OLD C*NT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO NEED A F*CK
0982 505 1491

0909 864 0217 - GRANNY LICKS YOUR RIM WHILE YOU W*NK
0909 864 0254 - VIRGINS 18+ NEED THEIR CHERRYS POPPED THE HARD WAY
0909 864 0264 - MILF F*CKING ON THE CHEAP - UNLOAD
0909 864 0657 - COLLEGE BABES 18+ CRAVE A HARD POUNDING
0909 864 0672 - 40+ DIVORCED UP FOR SEX IN YOUR AREA XXX
0909 864 0683 - DUMB ARSE SLUTS WILL TAKE IT ALL
0982 505 1490 - GRANNY F*CKING HEAVEN - ENJOY AN OLD C*NT
0982 505 1494 - LET ME HEAR YOU W*NK WHILE I FINGER MY C*NT
0909 864 0687 - GENUINE VIRGINS 18+ WANT OLDER GUYS FOR 1ST F*CK
0909 864 0694 - BACKDOOR SLUTS TAKE IT DEEP & HARD IN THE B*M
0909 864 0767 - FRIEND FRIGGED WHILE COLLEGE TUTOR F*CKED ME 18+
0909 864 1013 - LESBIAN STRAP-ON A*SE F*CKIN'! THEY LOVE TO TASTE
0909 864 1023 - SHE KNEELS DOWN & OPENS WIDE TO GET POKED
0982 505 1498 - OLDER LADIES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HARD C*CK
0909 864 1471 - SHE SITS ON CHAIR LEG FOR SEX RELIEF
0909 864 1474 - BIG TITTED SLUTS PHONE SEX
0909 864 1475 - ASIAN LADIES - TIGHT & FIRM
0909 864 1490 - MEGA DIRT CHEAP SEX 100% SEXUAL RELIEF

W*NK OFF WITH OUR HORNY GIRLS TXT SEX TO 69469

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